Fourth Part
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# THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1909.

## HOWARD PYLE'S PICTURES GROW

### Visit to Illustrator's Studio and a Talk with the Artist.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Wilmington, Del., May 1.—In spirit, execution, interest, healthfulness, and color the concise reply reflected the man—the shoulders of whose coat were thickly daubed with sky-blue and yellow paints—and the studio in which he works. There was a noticeable influence of sincerity and business in the artist and his shop.

Bursting vines, green and gray, clung like monstrous cobwebs to the red walls outside. I observed them as I lifted the brass knocker on the upper half door and let it drop. The building looked fresh and English, suggesting the snug harbor of an author or an architect. The walk of brick upward from the street had a turn and a finish that rescued it from commonness. Distinction, once a rare and courtly word, associated with scholars and statesmen, but now a popular noun of tailors and shoemakers when they describe their goods, was impressed upon the place.

Inside I saw pictures on easels, completed or half done; colonial tables and chests, and models of ancient ships. Howard Pyle, the world's most famous illustrator, it may be, and a novelist, as well, came booming across the room—booming in the sense of energy and not in the matter of audible noise.

Long hair and languishing look? No; short hair and gray, virtually white, where the magnificent head has any hair at all. A tall man with long, straight legs, coils of springs in his feet, eyes blue as a fog, a small mouth, a bland, but massive and singularly youthful face, and immense gold spectacles. In vestments he would look like a slashing bishop of the church. A red wig and a short sword; music, high lights, and a stage, and, behold! Julius Caesar. On the stump, pleading for his party or himself, a hurricane and a winner.

**A Successful Man.**

We sit in plain rocking chairs of wood under a great window in the roof. Pyle talks easily and swiftly. He has written books, lectured about art, and in curt sentences and jerky pauses has disciplined young artists who have begged his judgment on their work. He has the gifts of expression, imagination, and style. Furthermore, he would have succeeded at the bar or prospered in a bank.

"For the world which cannot comprehend," I said, "will you obligingly explain what is meant by those cryptic words, 'an artistic temperament?'"

"I should say," and Howard Pyle ceased his nervous rocking for a moment, "that there is no such vice or human quality as an artistic temperament. It is a phrase and nothing more, which is employed to cover a good many delinquencies. Artists, studying the beautiful, want it; but beauty costs money. The teller in the bank, counting in your deposits and mine and paying them out, ventures upon a little speculation of his own in Wall street. When he is caught his lawyer would ridicule his case were he to plead any sort of a temperament, artistic or otherwise. Yet the analogy I draw is not inconsistent. We desire the thing which we specialize in our work and interest.

"Men in my profession sometimes undertake that which is beyond their means. There is a house, or a picture, or a rug, or some pottery. It is bought imprudently. Debts press, and duns, if repeated often enough, engender carelessness. Then comrades and admirers, bearing the flimsy mantle called 'artistic temperament,' try to hide the follies of the offender against thrift and the elementary principles of sound business. Eminent singers and actors, up during all hours of the night and eating indigestible suppers, are bad tempered the next day. There is an outburst, a cup thrown at a waiter, for instance, followed by more or less nonsensical comment concerning the eccentricities of genius.

**A Man of Talent.**

"A successful artist," Howard Pyle earnestly continued, "is just like any other successful man—conservative, provident, and normal. He does his work and takes care of himself and his credit. Titian, the Venetian, industrious and ambitious, had ministers and kings for his friends and companions. Leonardo da Vinci, whose 'Last Supper,' the wall-painting at Milan, has made him immortal, was a brilliant architect, sculptor, engineer, scientist, and musician. Raphael, tremendously practical, was not only the architect of St. Peter's, but was an able archeologist and an authority on the antiquities of Rome. Michael Angelo wrote poetry, drew plans for splendid buildings and was one of the most learned antatomists of his time. The 'old masters' were sensible men. So are the young masters, whether they be artists, lawyers, doctors, or preachers. Nor is any great achievement the completed effort of an inspired instant. Nothing worth while is done without toil, and toil compels one to be sober minded and careful."

"Candidly," I said, "what is your opinion of the paintings of the 'old masters?'"

"That their best work is unequaled. However, many of their pictures, notwithstanding the veneration of subsequent generations, are inferior in quality. An artist or a writer is measured by his best work. Even the old masters were human and were not free from the limitations and infirmities of the rest of mankind. It is sufficient that their greatest work at its greatest is among the greatest in the world."

**Art Is Making Headway.**

"Is art making any headway in the United States?" I inquired.

"Splendid headway," Mr. Pyle answered enthusiastically. "Consider my own art of illustration. The magazines of the country are spending millions of dollars for pictures; enough each year, I dare say, to build a battle ship. Are they spending it to indulge a sentiment? Do they want something pretty for themselves? Not at all. They are hard-headed men of business and have long since discovered that the people want and demand the best pictures that are obtainable. Why is Minnesota spending an immense sum of money for a State building and paying many thousands of dollars to mural artists? Why do we see pictures, cut from periodicals, hung in almost every American home? Why do manufacturers even of those calendars that are given away attempt to make of them works of art? Why does a business man hire the best artist he can find and pay him $500 or $1,000 for a painting to advertise his wares? All along the line art is making progress in America; in no other country of the world are pictures of every kind so much appreciated."

"What is the yearly income of a good magazine illustrator?"

"I would not attempt to give figures," Mr. Pyle answered, "although they are often printed—generally with exaggeration—in the newspapers. The published earnings of an artist are nearly always like the estimate of a rich man's estate before his death—a trifle magnified. Maybe illustrators are not paid so handsomely as are other men of relative rank in their professions, yet, doubtless, their remuneration is sufficient.

**Art Its Own Reward.**

"I suppose art offers its own rewards outside of its money returns," Mr. Pyle went on to say. "It must be so, or it would be impossible for so many youngsters to embark in a profession that promises so few prizes and so many blanks. Since I began my professional career—that was more than thirty years ago—I imagine that at least 150,000 persons have studied art in this country. Out of that vast army of men and women not 150 have attained to fame and material success.

"Illustrating, especially, is difficult, because an illustrator is compelled to tell something, or to make an appeal that will reach a million people. He must, of course, be an artist in the technical knowledge of drawing and the use of colors. Besides, he must have originality and imagination. Many young artists splendidly equipped with technical knowledge carry their illustrations to publishers only to meet with disappointment because their work would make no impression on the hearts or the intelligence of the public."

"Are not some of the pictures in weekly and monthly publications," I asked, "reproductions of paintings made expressly for the purpose?"

"I suppose all illustrations are intended to illustrate a text. The best illustrations, however, are those that stand and are used upon their own intrinsic excellence. They are, or should be, copied, colors and all, as nearly as possible by mechanical processes. The magazine pays for the use of such paintings. If the paintings are important they are returned to the artists. Many of the originals sell at very good prices."

**Not an Art Teacher.**

"I have been told that students at your art school pay no tuition and that no one ever comes here except with your consent previously given?"

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Pyle replied, "I am not running an art school. About thirty young students have settled in Wilmington, and more would be here if they could find studio accommodations. We have what might be called a little art settlement, or community. The artists are privileged to come to me every morning at 9 o'clock for suggestions and for criticisms of their work. I make no charge, of course, for such service. Formerly, I lectured each Monday evening, but now I have a class in composition on Saturday evenings."

"You have never visited Europe, professionally," I said, knowing that Mr. Pyle is distinctively an American in all his work—painting, illustrating, and writing—and the founder of a recognized system of national art.

"I have never visited Europe in any capacity, either as a student or a traveler," Mr. Pyle answered. "As a young man I had a fine opportunity to study abroad as long as I desired. The person who made the offer only required that I should send him a painting once a year. But I was then hard at work and felt that it would not be progression to lose time again as a student. Since then I have been busy and have felt no need of Europe."

"Will you give me a picture of your development as an artist?" I said.

"Yes, quite willingly, if you want it, though I cannot get your point of view in journeying to Wilmington for so unimportant a matter. My early childhood was lived in a quaint old house of the colonial period not far from this city. I am glad to say that my mother had an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of art and literary values and her influence formed and shaped my earliest studies. She habitually read to us from the best literature of the day, which, in 1860, was very good indeed. The leading periodicals came into our house, Punch, among the rest—Tom Taylor was one of the contributors—and Cornhill Magazine, of which Thackeray was then editor. Dickens, Scott, and Shakespeare are good foundations for a sound literary taste. When I took up a book myself it was likely to be Grimm's fairy stories. Such was our family life indoors. Outside, there was an old garden, in which grew many roses, so many that we picked them by the bushel and made rose water after the ancient and customary formula.

**Fond of Drawing.**

"I attended a good school in Wilmington, and remember that I was fond of drawing pictures, but was not a precocious youngster in any sense or manner. Plenty of other boys drew as well and even better. Still, I liked to draw and write. One spring, I recollect, when the birds were singing in the trees and the flowers were blooming, and the restlessness and longings of the season were stirring in my heart, that I went to an old ivy-covered rock near home to compose a poem. I took pencil and paper along, but after I had seated myself amid the ivy I remembered that I had not yet learned to read or write.

"At the age of sixteen I left home to be a student at a private art school in Philadelphia. The school was kept by a man who had won a gold medal at Antwerp, the center, perhaps, of the most technical art in Europe. I remained three years in Philadelphia, getting a vast fund of information and a wide knowledge of the purely practical or professional side of drawing. I studied anatomy under Dr. William W. Keene, the now famous surgeon and medical author, and liked it immensely. My technical knowledge was so good that I could draw the nude figure without a model—and could draw it accurately, too. Throughout my life I have been a fast worker—one of the results, possibly, of my early training in Philadelphia.

"But I was not taught how to apply my knowledge. The imagination was not trained. We followed hard and fast rules on the theory that pictures were made by technical knowledge. I could draw—any one can learn to do that—but young as I was, I soon found that execution alone, no matter how skillful, cannot make a picture that the world cares for. Any man of education can learn to write correctly, but it is only the very few who can gain and hold the interest of the public.

**How He Began.**

"My work lay idle for several years while I experimented. Finally—it was in 1876—I wrote a verse about a 'magic pill' that instantly turned an aged person, namely, a parson fretting over his years, into a terrible boy. It was illustrated by some crude drawings in pen and ink. I sent it to the Century Magazine, then called Scribner's, and, to my joy, it was accepted for a department called, I think, 'Eric-a-Brac.' Then my mother read about a drove of wild ponies on an island off the coast of Virginia. At her suggestion, I went to the island and put the ponies into an illustrated story. Several other little compositions were taken at about the same time, and so I decided to move to New York and try my luck at making a living.

"No great ambition was in my mind. Ordinarily, the usual young man, at first, has only modest aspirations. He goes forward by steps, each one a little higher, his development being altogether natural, until he achieves that which only lies latent in his mind at the beginning. I had done small things and vaguely hoped for larger ones, but made no effort to look very far into the future. It is well that youth is sightless and trustful. If its grasp were too wide when it starts on the journey of life, if it could comprehend everything that is to come, it would reach for all, only to lose even that which it has.

"New York, then as now, was the richest market in the world for ideas. Its first and loudest call is for imagination. I preach imagination at every opportunity, because it is not only the chief pillar in the structure of art, but the corner stone of all success. In those first days of my young endeavor I wrote verses and sketches and illustrated them with pictures. They were disposed of without many disappointments to magazines and weekly publications.

**Wanted Original Work.**

"Compositions containing a new or unique idea, such, for instance, as a young fellow standing on the shoulders of a monk and passing a valentine through a window to a pretty girl, were sold easily and at good prices. Editors did not insist upon 'strong' ideas in those days; anything would do that was 'original.' Some of my suggestions were roughly put on paper to be developed by experienced artists on the periodicals to which they were sent. All in all, I did well, making $25 some weeks and in others as much as $50. I left my cheap lodgings and, with a couple of friends, took a studio, working and sleeping there, but eating at a restaurant.

"I had been in New York for a year and a half, perhaps, when I painted my first important picture. It was made in black and white and called 'The Wreck in the Offing.' A crew of a life-saving station were in a room playing cards by the light of a lantern. The door burst open and a man in oil-skins, streaming with spray and rain, told the news of the disaster. I spent weeks on that picture. When it was finished 5 cents was the total sum of my remaining cash resources. I knew the idea was worth $15, even if the picture were rejected. But I neglected to consider that the art editor might be absent. It was a shock, therefore, when I found that he had gone home for the day. However, I left the picture.

"Walking back to my studio, miles away, I stopped to see Frederick Church, who was always kind to young artists, but I could not bring myself to the point of letting him know that I was penniless. I told the young men who shared my studio that I was ill and had lost my appetite. But when they had gone to the restaurant I searched my old clothing and found half a dollar; it paid for my dinner that night, my breakfast next morning and my car fare back to Harpers'.

**On the Road to Success.**

"My nerves were on edge when at last I faced the art eidtor. My picture, big as a house, was standing on his desk. I felt sure the minute I saw it, that it had been declined. 'Mr. Harper,' the art editor, said, 'has looked at your picture and likes it. Indeed, he intends to give it a double page in the Weekly.'

"Since that eventful morning," Mr. Pyle continued, "my ways have been in pleasant places. I was paid $75 for 'The Wreck in the Offing,' and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's for luncheon. I want to add that I thought I foresaw the time when illustrating would be a very important part of art life in this country. I never lost confidence in my early judgment, and I am glad I have lived to see American illustrating a dignified and major factor in our national art evolution."

"Why did you leave New York and come back to Wilmington?"

"I found the diversions in New York too many and attractive for sustained and serious effort. When I made up my mind to move I didn't linger, but packed my effects and bought a ticket."

"Do you see the completed picture before you begin to paint it?"

"No; if I did, my work, I fear, would be without much value. A picture, and it is the same with a book or a business, must grow under the hand that creates it. A general idea of the intended picture exists in the mind—sometimes quite vividly—but it only develops into a form when it is outlined and it only takes final shape as it is executed upon the canvas. It is the same in a literary production. A writer knows in a general way what he intends to say, but the work develops as he progresses in its execution. At the end the characters and the story are usually altogether different from the author's conception at the beginning."

"How do you work and when do you play?"

"I come to my studio in the morning and stay until 6 o'clock in the summer, and so long as I can see in the winter. When I shut the door of this building I shut my mind to paints, pencils, and pictures. I don't think of art except when I am here. I don't talk it. I stand up while I work and that is all the physical exercise I ever get. My recreation is found in the social life of the fine old city of Wilmington, and it is equal to the best in the United States."

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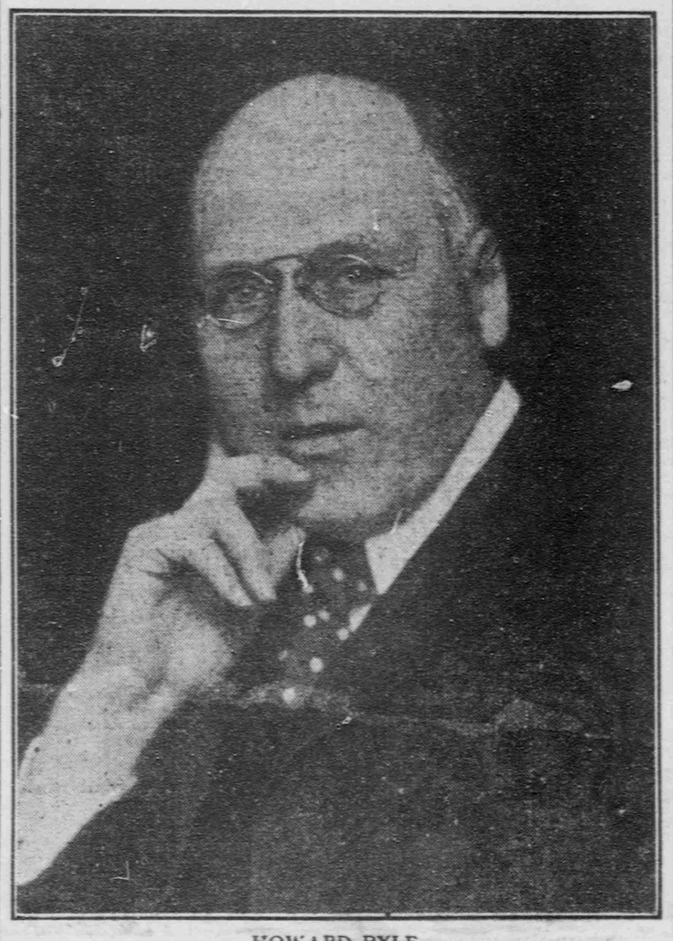
### ILLUSTRATOR AND ARTIST.



HOWARD PYLE.

## SYNTAX CHINA.

**Its Interesting History—Extravagant Prices for It.**

In almost every collection of "Old Blue" you will find at least one example of Syntax china, perhaps the most famous of all the different series made by Clews. The history of the pictures on this china is amusing, for the text was written around the pictures.

Thomas Rowlandson, a caricaturist, says the Circle magazine, made a series of pictures representing an elderly clergyman and schoolmaster occupying his holidays by traveling in search of what he called "the picturesque."

A printer, R. Ackerman, saw the picture, and called on a man named William Comb to make the verses. This he did, and the pictures and verses made such a success when they first came out, about 1815, that many editions of the first book, called "Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," were published.

This William Comb who wrote the verses was for forty-three years confined to the King's Bench debtors' prison, and it seems a strange place in which to evolve comical ideas. He was eighty years old when he wrote the "Second Tour," in 1820.

He not only wrote the verses for this first book, but for a second volume, called "Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation." This was brought out in 1820, and in 1821 the third volume was published and named "Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife." Thirty-odd designs from the books were used by Clews on sets of china.

Although the work on this series of pictures is good, Clews having the printing well done and clear, the values which are placed on the different pieces are all out of proportion to their merit. Some of the platters bring $300 or $400, and the plates as high as $30 or $40.

Indeed, so much in demand are these pictures on china that forgers have gotten in their work, and "Dr. Syntax Painting a Portrait," "Dr. Syntax and the Bees," and "Dr. Syntax Mistakes a Gentlemen's House for an Inn" have all been produced, but the fraud is easily detected by the heaviness of the ware, poor printing, and clumsy reproduction of the Clews mark on the back.

**Prohibitive Price.**

From the Kansas City Star.

Wilbur Wright, on the broad, green plain of his school of aviation at Pau, talked about his early struggles. "We had in those Dayton days," said he, "wonderful offers, magnificent promises, but when it came to the actual laying down of money, then gloom descended on the scene. Our friends, with their mouths full of millions and their quite empty hands, reminded me of a Dayton barber. This barber said one day, as he shaved me: 'That's a fine pup of Simmons'. I'd give anything for it.' 'Well, it's for sale, isn't it?' said I. 'Oh, yes, it's for sale,' said he, 'but do you know what Simmons wants for it? Why, $2!'"

**Oldest Twelve Colleges.**

From the Brown Alumni Monthly.

Of the 453 American colleges, the following are the first twelve, with regard to age:

1636—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
1693—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
1701—Yale University, New Haven Conn.
1740—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
1746—Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
1749—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
1754—Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
1764—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
1766—Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.
1769—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
1782—Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
1783—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

**Aviation.**

From Life.

Aspiration;
Expectation;
Preparation;
Inflation;
Elevation;
Exaltation;
Perforation;
Evaporation;
Trepidation;
Gravitation.

**The Way Out.**

From Fliegende Blaetter.

He—Your milliner's bill has cost me last year as much as the salary of my two bookkeepers. That is more than I can afford.

She—Well, discharge one of them.

## OPTIMISTS COURAGEOUS IN DUTY

### Moral Courage Rather than Physical Results in Useful Men and Women.—Self-Sacrifice Will be Discussed Next Sunday.

By THE OPTIMIST.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpowered with arms, deserts his cause;
Unshamed, though foiled, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
—Dryden.

I wonder if my fellow-optimists have ever stopped to consider how much courage it takes nowadays to live one's life, up to the best that is in him. In announcing "Courage" for the topic for discussion this Sunday, after making the discovery that it was the popular favorite among the suggestions received from the club members, I thought that it was perhaps one of the most appropriate themes for optimistic discussion that we have had. I am rather inclined to the opinion, and I am sure I will not find many of the Optimists who will disagree with me, that "Courage" means optimism—in a fine sense. It takes courage to live an optimistic life and to live up to the requirements of such a designation.

All optimists are brave. They fight the battle of life without faltering, with an unswerving devotion to the principles of right living and with their eyes on a goal which represents higher things. Life is full of examples of courageous hearts, who, in the face of tremendous odds, fight bravely for the betterment of themselves and for humanity. Instances of such courage appear almost constantly before us, and are brought to our attention in various ways.

The courage of the father of the family, who, on a small wage, too small, in fact, to be on a level with the requirements and the demands of present-day existence, rears up his children and protects his family against the buffetings of the world, setting his face resolutely against the attractions that present themselves on all sides for a deviation from his hard, and sometimes almost intolerable lot, excites our admiration. He enlists to his aid the courage that is born of optimism—the hope for better days, the realization that there will come a time when his children will be self-supporting and perhaps able to help him, after his struggle with life has rendered him unfit for further battle. There are thousands and thousands of such honorable and admirable men among us to-day, whose battle with the world is continual and whose vista looks down a long, long weary road of toil, but they are brave enough to face it without complaint. They go about their daily tasks with a smiling and cheerful face, and by their helpful attitude maybe give aid to some brother in distress.

There is the courage of the wife and mother, who toils from early morning until late at night, who might give up to vain regrets that there are those about her whose lot in life is far more attractive. But she is brave and she works on. Something more than mere instinct impels her—it is a consciousness that a task is half done which is approached in the proper spirit of courage. She may never be commended for her part in life. Fame will probably never reach her, and her brave and noble efforts in life will very likely pass unnoticed, but she is none the less one of life's heroines. To have lived and to have suffered uncomplainingly makes one heroic.

The bravery of the soldier who goes forth to fight is much lauded in history and in song. Praises are heaped upon those successful in war, and returned heroes are heaped with laurels and loaded with honors. These represent the physical bravery, which is partly instinct and partly a desire for tangible reward. The man who fights with his hands, or with firearms is only justified in doing so when the defense of his country or his home is the excuse. All other physical bravery is mere foolhardiness, or desire for self-aggrandizement.

The morally courageous are the real heroes of life—the father and the mother just mentioned, or any individual who faces the world squarely and fairly, with a determination to give to the world his best endeavors and his finest qualities. The man who walks up to the cannon's mouth is no more to be lauded for his action than the man who resolutely turns his head against worldly temptations and lives up to the courage that is born of his inner convictions.

In Macbeth, the quotation appears:

I dare do all that may become a man;

and may be applied more appropriately to moral courage than to physical. I think the sentiment expressed and the train of thought that is suggested by the quotation is exceedingly apt, and one to which my optimists will be more than willing to subscribe. Unless we live as becomes men, and women, too, we cannot be said to have realized the best that life has to offer us. The cowardly acquiescence in the easier way, is unworthy of human beings who can think and reason.

The Washington Herald Optimist Club stands for the worthiest and the noblest side of mankind. For weeks and weeks in the past we have labored and striven in the ways open to us, to spread the doctrine of optimism, and because we meet with opposition and doubt is no reason why we should weakly cease our efforts.

We want to represent every quality that means true optimism. Courage is one of the finest evidences of a hopeful and helpful view of life. We hope nobody will ever accuse any member of this club of failing to do his or her duty, or of shirking any of the responsibilities that come with avowed allegiance to the club motto, "Let's Help." It takes courage to help, and it means something to win a moral battle nowadays. Most of us realize this very forcibly.

"Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things," says Colton. So, brother and sister Optimists, let us be prodigal, yes, lavish with our gifts. Let us give our fellow-creatures who need it the best optimism and the best good cheer that we can muster to their aid, not because we want the world's praise or to be crowned with laurels of victory, but because it is the only way in which the inner voice of conscience can be satisfied.

Don't forget that next Sunday's talk will be on "Self-sacrifice," a quality which is closely allied to courage, and which is directly associated with optimism. I also want to reiterate my request for the members of the club to send in their suggestions for subjects to be selected for future contests. Every one should feel that he has a personal interest in the welfare of the club, and as the discussions are in the major part contributed by the members of the club, it is only right that they should have a voice in selecting the topic for consideration each week.

The prize for the best contribution on "Courage" I have awarded to M. Jane Moor, of 2030 G street northwest, for the following:

"The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in every-day life as well as on historic fields of action. The common need is for courage to be honest, courage to resist temptation, courage to speak the truth, courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not; courage to live honestly within our means and not dishonestly upon the means of others."

The second prize of $3 goes to Belle C. Saunders, of 1603 Third street, for this striking quotation from Leigh Hunt:

"When moral courage thinks that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable."

S. E. Tracy, 1834 Ingleside terrace, received the third prize of $2, for sending in Emerson's verse:

"The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth—his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshadowed."

To the following five contributors, whose selections are very good, indeed, I have awarded the five $1 prizes:

Courage is fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken.
WILLIAM P. FOLEY.
1720 First street northwest.

And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.—Byron.
ROLF THELEN.
Forest Service.

Above all, a person who would be truly courageous must have a conscience in his soul; and having that, he must obey the dictates of it regardless of the frowns and smiles of all others. Both physical and moral courage are needed to constitute a great man. The former despising all danger, making him brave and necessary for the camp; the latter, despising all opinion, making him brave and necessary for council. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as well as we can.
Miss MARIE H. BOGDAHN.
335 North Carolina avenue southeast.

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause. Courage enlarges, cowardice diminishes resources. The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of the heroic kind. There needs the common courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to speak the truth, the courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not; the courage to live honestly within our own means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.
JOSEPH WALTON HALL.
Gordonsville, Va.

Courage is that quality of the soul which enables one to rise above whatever situation he finds himself in; and becoming, by sheer force of will and trust in the higher force of Divine Providence, the master, and not the victim, of the circumstance.
CICILY CLAUDE.
Chevy Chase, Md.

The following contributions on "Courage" have been awarded honorable mention:

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.—Milton.
Mrs. L. H. HARTSHORN,
Webster street.

Courage which can look danger in the face unmoved and undismayed; the courage that can encounter loss of ease, of wealth, of friends, of your own good name; the courage that can face a world full of howling and of scorn, can see all this with a smile, and, suffering it all, can still toil on, conscious of the result, yet fearless still.—Theo. Parker.
A. A. RUARK,
920 Pennsylvania avenue southeast.

Courage enables the soul to possess itself under every vicissitude.
H. E. LEES.
Department of Commerce and Labor.

Courage, brother.
"Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see, yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
And I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve! resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding.
Though all into ruin our life may seem hurled,
For see how the light of each new day is gilding
The wan, worn face of this bruised old world."
LOUISE MEDLEY.
113 Seaton place northwest.

Whoever fights on, now in patient waiting, now in passionate action, for God or man—moved by the love which moved the universe, and moves it now—is sure to weave his life into silk as lovely and useful for the world.—Stopford Brooke.
F. E. BURNS.
2307 Ontario road.

"Pluck wins, it always wins, though days be slow
And nights be dark, 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win, its average is sure,
He wins the fight who can the most endure,
Who faces issues, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and who always works."
GEORGIE O. CARR.
The Alabama.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—Emerson.
E. H. ELLIOT.
1466 Monroe street.

Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones; and then when you have accomplished your daily task go to sleep in peace. God is awake.—Hugo.
EVA M. PRATT.
1115 Ninth street northwest.

Courage is that instinct which inspires us to do the right under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places.
Miss VIRGINIA SIMMONS.
The Virginia.

Thank God for the man who has courage
In spite of life's troubles, I say;
Who sings of a bright to-morrow
In spite of the clouds of to-day.
His life is a beautiful sermon,
And this is the lesson to me:
"Meet trials with smiles and they vanish,
Face cares with a song and they flee."
M. S. REIGART.
8 Fourth street southeast.

When thinking of courage we are apt to revert to "Leonidas," "Arnold of Winklereid," "The Light Brigade," or to "Valley Forge," not forgetting perhaps "the Martyr first whose eagle eye could pierce beyond the grave." But the practical courage, too often "unhonored and unsung," is that of the frail woman battling with the "wolf at the door" while her fatherless babes cling to her skirts, or of the man, once weak, who has become strong and can square his shoulders to temptation and say in tones not to be misunderstood, "No." This is courage, stout-heartedness, and while the chauvinistic laud their heroes let us of our Optimist Club seek out these examples of true courage and say to them, "Be of good cheer," and to each other, "Let's help."
Mrs. H. B. HALLIFIELD.
104 Hammond Court.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage, an independent spark from heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone;
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid births from fear.—Farquhar.
Mrs. E. L. GIERING.
209 Garside street, Newark, N. J.

A young woman who had consecrated her life to missionary work, hoping to go to India, was suddenly prostrated with an incurable disease; but with the knowledge that her life is to be spent on a bed of pain, her courage has never wavered, and her sick room has become to her friends a little sanctuary where inspira-

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### THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

First prize, $5.00—M. Jane Moor, 2030 G street.
Second prize, $3.00—Belle C. Saunders, 1603 Third street.
Third prize, $2.00—S. E. Tracy, 1834 Ingleside terrace.
Five prizes, $1.00 each—William P. Foley, 1720 First street; Rolf Thelan, Forest Service; Marie H. Bogdahn, 335 North Carolina avenue southeast; Joseph W. Hall, Gordonsville, Va.; Cicely Claude, Chevy Chase, Md.

### COURAGE.

**When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.—Leigh Hunt.**

**Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for council; but, to constitute a great man, both are necessary.—Colton.**

**A brave man inspires others to heroism, but his own courage is not diminished when it enters into other souls. It is stimulated and invigorated—Washington Gladden.**

**It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage—Henry Clay**

**A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.**

**Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.**

**O friends, be men; so act that none may feel ashamed to meet the eyes of other men.—Homer.**

**True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—La Rochefoucauld.**

**In adversity it is easy to despise life; the truly brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.—Martial.**

**Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character.—Froude.**

**Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.**

**O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong.—Homer.**

**Hold the fort! I am coming.—Gen. W. T. Sherman.**

**Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage.—Emerson.**

**A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit—Victor Hugo.**

**Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.—Johnson.**

**God is a brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse.—Plutarch.**

**True bravery proposes a just end, measures the dangers, and, if it is necessary, the affront, with coldness.—Francis la None.**

**Courage consists in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause.—Plutarch.**

**Courage is adversity's lamp.—Vauvenargues.**